Pal. You have made me
(I thanke you Coſen *Arcite*)almoſt wanton
With my Captivity: what a miſery
It is to live abroade? and every where:
Tis like a Beaſt me thinkes: I finde the Court here,
I am ſure a more content, and all thoſe pleaſures
That wooe the wils of men to vanity,
I ſee through now, and am ſufficient
To tell the world, tis but a gaudy ſhaddow,
That old Time, as he paſſes by takes with him,
What had we bin old in the Court of *Creon*,
Where ſin is Iuſtice, luſt, and ignorance,
The vertues of the great ones: Coſen *Arcite*,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us
We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,
And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curſes,
Shall I ſay more?
Arc. I would heare you ſtill.
Pal. Ye ſhall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better then we doe *Arcite*?
Arc. Sure there cannot.
Pal. I doe not thinke it poſſible our friendſhip
Should ever leave us.
Arc. Till our deathes it cannot
Enter Emilia and her woman.
And after death our ſpirits ſhall be led
To thoſe that love eternally. Speake on Sir.
This garden has a world of pleaſures in't.
Emil. What Flowre is this?
Wom. Tis calld Narciſſus Madam.
Emil. That was a faire Boy certaine, but a foole,
To love himſelfe, were there not maides enough?
Arc. Pray forward.
Pal. Yes.
Emil. Or were they all hard hearted?
Wom. They could not be to one ſo faire.
Emil. Thou wouldſt not.

Wom.

Wom. I thinke I ſhould not, Madam.
Emil. That's a good wench:
But take heede to your kindnes though.
Wom. Why Madam?
Emil. Men are mad things.
Arcite. Will ye goe forward Coſen?
Emil. Canſt not thou work: ſuch flowers in ſilke wench?
Wom. Yes.
Emil. Ile have a gowne full of 'em and of theſe,
This is a pretty colour, wilt not doe
Rarely upon a Skirt wench?
Wom. Deinty Madam.
Arc. Coſen, Coſen, how doe you Sir? Why *Palamon*?
Pal. Never till now I was in priſon *Arcite*.
Arc. Why whats the matter Man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder.
By heaven ſhee is a Goddeſſe.
Arcite. Ha.
Pal. Doe reverence.
She is a Goddeſſe *Arcite*.
Emil. Of all Flowres,
Me thinkes a Roſe is beſt.
Wom. Why gentle Madam?
Emil. It is the very Emblem of a Maide.
For when the weſt wind courts her gently
How modeſtly ſhe blowes, and paints the Sun,
With her chaſte bluſhes? When the North comes neere her,
Rude and impatient, then, like Chaſtity
Shee lockes her beauties in her bud againe,
And leaves him to baſe briers.
Wom. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her modeſty will blow ſo far
She fals for't: a Mayde
If ſhee have any honour, would be loth
To take example by her.
Emil. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She is wondrous faire.
Pal. She is all the beauty extant.

Emil.